October 2nd, 1801.

I send you poor Count d'Alet's letter: this may be tinsel, but it is a little oil poured on the stormy sea of the mind, and soothes one for a moment.

A gazette extraordinary informs us that the preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and the French Republic were signed last night, by Lord Hawkesbury and Mr. Otto. Menou has accepted the capitulation for Alexandria. Upon this, Bonaparte gave way, and sent over moderate terms. All *I* can guess is, that Malta will be free, either given back to the Order, or made a republic. Tom will be upon the *pave*, but safe, which is now what I care most about.

November

Alas! just so it blew this day twelvemonth. It is a perfect hurricane — tiles and chimneys tumbling about.

I have received yours, in which you advise me to apply to my friend *Dick*—I suppose you must mean *Nick;* for I declare I know of no Dick but Sir John, and I could not expect anything

through
him.